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C. W. BEACH. J. H. MARION.
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TERMS.—In advance invariably.

POETRY.

Counted In, and Counted Out.

Is no peace for a soul
That's distracted with doubt?
Let us know who is in,
Let us know who is out;
For our eyes they grow dim
As on figures we gaze
That make it for Tilden
And make it for Hayes.

Oh! for seers and for prophets
Like those of the Jews?
They were better than papers
That plague us with news;
They were smarter than editors,
All in a day,
Who tell us 'tis Tilden,
And tell us 'tis Hayes.

Call the spooks and the meisms;
Perhaps they will know
Sumner Shale with his pencil,
And Home with his show,
Let them wrap our senses
To end our amaze,
And say if 'tis Tilden,
Or say if 'tis Hayes.

Is that fantastical vote
Hid in the mountains or swamps?
Go, Grays, with your lanterns,
Go, Blues, with your lamps,
Hunt it down and when captured
Just give it a bang,
Whether fatal to Tilden
Or fatal to Hayes.

We long for a season
Of quiet and rest
To wipe off our mustache
And pull down our vest;
But how can we do it
When boys stop their plays,
To shout madly for Tilden
And madly for Hayes?

Our young men grow gray
And our fat men grow thin,<
Fed on "extras" that lie
In the original sin.
Give a calm for our slumbers,<
And peace for our days,
For we weary of Tilden
And weary of Hayes.

THE MULE DRIVER.

A mule driver allowed himself to
be the following reverie while on
his way from Salt River to Prescott, with
load of four:

It may seem like presumption,
In a fellow such as me,
To claim by sheer assumption,
The title of "M. D."

But I'm bold "mule skinner"—
Of the whip, I'm a knight,
And your sure to be winner
If you bet I'll steer 'em right.

Whichever the way,
All trouble I defy;
Am happy all the day,
And the goose hangs high.

I would not change my station
For the noblest in the land—
To be ruler of the Nation,
Or anything so grand.

I would be neither rich nor great,
Nor aught beneath the sky,
With plenty to separate
My rating team and I.

Dogged and stuck, the whip I spare—
Myself I'd rather bleed
Than have to harm a single hair
Upon noble steel. That's me!

RELAINING THE DESERT.

Dr. O. M. Wozencraft sends the following communication to the *Miner* on the subject of reclaiming the Colorado Desert.

In compliance with your request, I will give a brief statement of not so much what I have done, but what I would wish to do, in the matter of reclaiming this formidable Sahara making it fertile. From all existing evidences, this desert waste was once a vast expanse of water—the depression below the sea level, the abundant sea shell, and the fact that the Colorado river carries down a large amount of disintegrated rock and earth from the mountains and plains from a vast area of country is sufficient explanation of the fact. In places the river having cut channel down through elevated plains to great depths, then carrying down a large sediment, which, being projected into the sea of the Gulf of California and there deposited, resulted in cutting off the Gulf, its head being about 150 miles in length, and about 75 in width; evaporation having carried off the waters, leaving a bed of salt in the extensive depression of the basin. It is this basin which we propose to irrigate, taking the water from the Colorado river, and by so doing the Colorado river, the atmosphere will be sufficiently reduced to make it habitable for man and at the same time will furnish him a soil of exceeding richness. The temperature on this desert is far above animal heat that many lives have been lost, as well as great suffering, in attempting to cross it, and its aridity extends to the adjacent country, depriving it of its moisture and former rainfall, for there is no question but that when it was a sea of water, that and the surrounding country had a greater rainfall than now; evidence of it, there are now existing traces of having been a populous country

some hundred miles east of this desert. Their buildings stand there to testify to the fact, and the absence of waters to prove that the siccous blasts sweeping over this desert caused the disappearing of the water, and necessitated the migration of this unknown race to more hospitable regions. It was the opinion of the profoundly learned Von Humboldt that this whole region of country will ultimately become a desert, and doubtless that may be the case, if man does not put in a timely protest by covering this desert with verdure and moisture, reducing the temperature there and over the surrounding country. It is a tradition, handed down through generations of the Indians, that this desert was once covered with grass, and we propose to cover it now with cotton, corn, sugar-cane, hemp, etc., and at the same time cause additional rainfall over the adjacent country, and that a new race of beings may occupy that country vacated by the former race, and thus extend the blessings of this God-giving element to millions of people. In this age of enterprise and great achievements we may look over the entire globe and fail to find a measure which promises so much good to man at so little cost. We see that the scientists of France propose introducing water into the depressed plains in Algeria, simply to reduce the temperature of those regions, and this will necessarily cost a large outlay of money. But France may have ulterior objects in view. She may hope to freeze out, literally, her old enemy and neighbor of whom she is yet so jealous, by reducing the temperature of the country. The reduction of the temperature in Africa will deprive England of the quantum of heated air passing from Africa to her, as well as the tepid water, and may have her atmosphere so far reduced as to make her country uninhabitable, throwing her back into the frigid glacier period. England may put in a protest at this freezing-out process.

It will be conceded that this Colorado Desert measure has greater claims on us, resulting in greater good to the many, and no detriment to any, than any measure of the age.

New York, December 12th.—Mrs. Van Cott delivered a lecture on California last night. The lecture was a description of her visit to the Pacific Coast. She said she had always wished to see a right, real, royal, first class man, as one of those grand and noble braves was pictured. Her friends at Omaha, to gratify her wish, drove out with her to where some Indians were summing themselves. She said she had particular scruples about passing through Devil's Gate, having promised never to go there. Some one pointed out "Brigham's Pulpit," where the great Mormon had preached his first sermon, among the curiosities so plenty. In this vicinity was pointed out to her a woman who for thirteen years had not spoken a word. Here was a wonder, indeed! Thirteen years! Most women could not so control themselves thirteen minutes, and it was a satisfaction to see one woman in this universe who could hold her tongue. Were you ever in Virginia City? If not, don't go there. It was there I had the privilege of having my life threatened. You may be sure it was a job to preach when at any time a six-shooter was liable to end your existence. She described a slough ride above the clouds. A bright sun above shining upon the tops of the mountains; below a bank of mist hiding the valleys and cities. The sudden transition from the December snow banks, delaying the trains in the Sierras, to the flowers and fruits of the Sacramento Valley, was vividly pictured. To the Cliff House she rode and saw the Seal Rocks alive with miserable sea lions, looking in the distance like maggots. Ben Butler was pointed out. She thought him ugly enough to terrify a nation, and did not wonder his companions seemed afraid of him. Her trip to Mount Diablo was described minutely. An Englishman in the party was obliged to take off his hat and acknowledge that it beat anything in England. It took four hours to make the ascent, an hour and a half to come down, and three weeks to get over it. The driver asked if some of the ladies did not wish some of the mammoth pine cones to be had along the road? Of course she did; whoever heard of a woman who did not want something she could not have? So she indulged in half a dozen cones, and had to buy an extra trunk to bring them home. A trip in a California stage over the mountains she thought good for the dyspepsia. Lake Tahoe, with its cornelian and emerald bays and transparent depth she next pictured, and closed the lecture with a description of a sunset at the Golden Gate. This portrait was compared to the pearly gates of the heavenly city, which at any cost she proposed to enter, and where she could worship not nature, but nature's God.

An Impudent Tramp.

Tramps are beginning to swarm, and people must be on their guard. Quite a funny adventure was met with at a house the other evening. The front door bell rang, and was answered by the man of the house, who found at the door a rough-looking fellow. The following conversation took place:

Tramp—Say young fellow, I'm a peddler from Pittsburgh. I've been drinkin'. Can't you give a feller a pair of old shoes for his feet?

Citizen—I have no shoes for you.

Tramp—Then you won't give a feller a pair of old shoes for his feet?

Citizen—No, I will not.

Tramp—Say, young fellow, can't you have a feller rested?

Citizen—No; go and get yourself arrested.

Tramp—How! I don't want ter steal.

Citizen—Go and raise a row with a policeman.

Tramp—I guess I'll raise a row with you.

Citizen (drawing a revolver and covering the tramp)—Begin.

Tramp (eyeing the weapon)—No; I'll be damned!

Citizen—Clear out.

Tramp—Guess I will. Good night, young fellow.

And he left, swearing a blue streak.—Pottsville Journal.

How to Kill a Cat.

When you feel that you have got to kill a cat, when you must kill a cat, or suffer night and day from the pangs of a reproving conscience, this is the way "Our Dumb Animals" says you must kill it, the cat, not your conscience:

"Place the cat in a box large enough to turn round in and not feel stifled. Then, for a grown cat, put two table spoonfuls of best chloroform on a handful of cotton batting. Put in the cat first, shutting the lid of the trunk, then open the lid wide enough to slip in the chloroform cotton, and immediately close it."

Now, could anything be more considerate or humane. Be sure and have the box well ventilated, so that the doomed cat "will not feel stifled." Nothing is more annoying to a chloroformed cat than a close, stifling atmosphere. Cats have been known to die from the effect of chloroform administered in a tight, stifling box. The best box for the purpose should have a bay window in each end, and should be ventilated by the Rutton system; and there should be a large hole cut in the side of the box so that the cat could come out and get something to eat, and drink when necessary. Then you should have the chloroform carefully deodorized so as to remove any unpleasant or noxious flavor and it should be dropped on a bit of perfumed cotton and laid away in one corner of, within easy reach, where the cat could go and smell it when it felt like it. In the course of ten or twelve years the cat will pass gently away. "Our Dumb Animals" is a very excellent journal, but it has some dumb queer notions about cat-killing.—Burlington Hawkeye.

There appears to be quite a rivalry between Dud Moreland and Henry Herliert as to which is the better "deer slayer." Dud declares that on a recent scout in quest of Venison it became a necessity for him to go out and kill sufficient meat to supply Henry's Commissary, before the latter dared venture away from camp for fear his rations would run short. And that on one occasion when this precaution had been neglected they

"Began to feel, as well they might, The keen demands of appetite." And but for the unerring certainty of Dud's aim, which brought down a noble buck, their bones would no doubt have some time or other been found by some prospector, bleaching on the hills where they had starved to death. This is Dud's side of the story. The other has not been furnished us.

THE COLORADO DESERT BILL.—We are pleased to see that the Colorado Desert bill has been introduced in the House, and it is to be hoped may receive prompt and favorable action. It will redound to the credit of those who may favor and urge the passage of this measure. As Californians we should feel interested in the accomplishment of a work that is likely to give employment to labor, homes to an industrial population, and wealth to the State; and show to the world that we are not behind the most enterprising of any other people. Holland has now engaged in the great work of reclaiming the Zuyder Zee, which will, when accomplished, open a vast field of rich soil to her industrial people. The Colorado Desert is already free from water, and only requiring its introduction to make it equally fertile; thus, kind Providence has accomplished more than half the work, and if we fail to complete it, we will merit the opprobrium of the laggard and sloth. Let us see this great work accomplished in our age and generation.—[Alta Californian.]

QUEEN VICTORIA'S HABITS.—Queen Victoria goes walking in a short dark serge petticoat; the heels of her boots are not half an inch high, the soles are broad and thick, and they are never blacked. She always welcomes news of the people's improvements in their manners, their health and their appearance. She declares that visiting her humble subjects is better than going to the play. When Mrs. McTavish, one of her Scotch dependents, who prides herself somewhat on her great height, good looks, and worth—she is only 78—asked the Queen, not long ago, about the Star in the East, she promptly raised the forefinger of her right hand and said, "You must not ask these questions. Ask what you will about the family—how we are, and how we love you—and I shall answer you with pleasure."

A dashing woman, with an enormous bustle came teetering into an incoming Chicago train, the other morning, and settled herself in a seat opposite an old Granger, who was coming up to see the city.

"My darter Jane was once took with one of them 'ere bumps," remarked the old man, as he turned his pitying gaze from the woman to a fellow passenger.

"She was?" inquired the passenger.

"Yes," was the reply, "but yer kin jest bet I cured her on it mighty quick."

"What did you do?" inquired the amused passenger.

"I sot her down in a tub of hot water till the durned thing wilted," declared the old man, "and it never come on agin!"

The dashing young woman and other passengers who had overheard the conversation like to have "wilted" without the hot water.

Not a thousand miles from Richmond a wife lay in a dying condition. Having brought up a clever orphan girl who was grown, the dying woman called the young woman to her and said: "I will soon leave you a little children, motherless. They know you and love you, and after I'm gone I want you to marry my husband to marry." The young woman, bursting into tears, said: "We are just talking about that."

What are the anomalies of woman suffrage Territory is that the wives of officers and laundresses regiments can vote, as they are into the United States service, officers nor soldiers can do so.

A LITTLE OFF AGAIN.

Col. E. J. Lewis of Red Bluff, Tehama county, Cal., who has often represented his district in the State Legislature, and received the endorsement of the Democratic State Convention for Lieut. Governor, on the ticket with H. H. Haight, has been a man of decided ability, and exercised a great influence with his party in the northern portion of that State for many years; but if we are to judge of his sanity by certain utterances of his, published in the form of an "open letter to Hon. J. K. Luttrell," in the Red Bluff Sentinel of Dec. 16th, we shall be inclined to fear that his attack upon the press of his State, as a member of the Senate last winter, was only the outcropping of a mental derangement that is now manifesting itself in more alarming form.

After nearly two columns of advice to the re-elected Congressman as to how to vote and act in certain contingencies, he tells him to "cut off the appropriations for the support of the army, and you will accomplish that which justice and humanity demands, and successfully prevent further outrages from this prolific source of evil."

"Were I a member of Congress, in view of existing circumstances, I would not vote for the appropriation of a single dollar for the support of the army. It is a mischievous and useless appendage in time of peace, and the experience of the last eight years tells us, that it is only used for partizan purposes, and an important factor in the enginery of despotism."

"Republican Governments are based upon the consent of the governed; it is unnecessary to maintain an army to secure the consent of the people, for such a government as ours. There is not the slightest danger of invasion by any foreign power; our frontiers can be far more securely guarded by volunteers than regular soldiers; and if an emergency should occur requiring troops to defend our territory, our national honor, or Republican form of Government, the call would only have to be made, to find that in forty-eight hours myriads of brave hearts would rush to the rescue of the Government. As it is, our army is used only to bring disgrace and reproach upon our free institutions, intimidate freemen in the free exercise of the privileges of the elective franchise, and occupy the attention of a few pampered Generals in marching and countermarching the rank and file for their own peculiar amusement and those who love the pompous display of fuss and feathers."

RUINED BY GAMBLING.

An incident upon which to found a moral is furnished Mr. Moody in the death of a young man in Chicago. He was of good family, it is said, and was lured away from a respectable life by the infatuation of gambling. When he came to Chicago in 1871, he represented a New York cloth house, and sold goods to jobbers throughout the West. At his boarding house, where were half a dozen persons of his own age, the game of "vintgum," with a twenty-five cent limit, was the principal amusement, and so far as known, this was the first hazard in which Russell ever indulged. He liked to play, but the small limit precluding large gains, he was dissatisfied. The entire regular gambling houses was easy, and thither he would go whenever he had money. As a usual thing he left behind him all he took in, but the hope of winning his deposits back and a "big stake" in addition encouraged him to continue his visits. His "luck" however, did not change, and he never won what he anticipated. He spent so much time in gambling saloons that his employers heard of it and discharged him. Having no source to look for money, he turned his attention solely to gambling for a living. He had made the acquaintance of several bunco ropers, and possessing a fair address and an abundance of effrontery, he soon found a "partner," and the two thereafter devoted themselves to fleecing strangers. Russell was successful in this line and made considerable money for the gang for whom he "steered." His share, though, was left in faro banks. When the bunco men were driven from the city, he went with them, and after wandering for a time, at length made Omaha and Ogden his headquarters alternately. For six months he worked the Union Pacific trains in company with monte players, and his part of the proceeds of the robberies was several thousand dollars. Every penny of it, however, went into the maw of his enemy, the "tiger," and he returned to Chicago "dead broke." Having no place to sleep, and nothing to eat, a gambler, who was a stranger to him, took him to his room and shared his bed with him and gave him a little money. Russell complained of being ill; said he "felt cold," and went to bed and was seized with a congestive chill, and died during the night. He had no friends in Chicago; at least none could be found. Half a dozen persons knew him slightly, but his only intimate acquaintances "cut" him two years ago. His room-mate did not know what to do with the body. Understanding that one of the deceased's relations was a Judge Russell, of New York, he telegraphed there, but got no reply. The fact of his death was mentioned to the gang who new him better than any others, but they refused to give up a dollar to help defray the burial expenses. The result was the body was turned over to the authorities for interment in the Potter's field or transferred to a dissection table.—Ogden Freeman.

An Idaho girl has bet a dozen kisses that Tilden would be elected. First she won, and then the next day it was Hayes, and the bet had to be taken back. It has been alternating between Tilden and Hayes every day since, and the oscillatory demonstrations have been kept up with degree of regularity that is quite acceptable to the parties interested.

A correspondent furnishes us with the annexed account of the perilous adventures of Jake Rump: "Thirty five years ago, or thereabouts, there lived in Southwest Georgia a wiry-haired man, freckled-faced backwoodsman, by the name of Jack Rump, who passed through the following perils before he arrived at the age of twenty-five years: "He was first stricken by lightning; then, on two separate occasions, he was bitten by rattlesnakes; then he was bitten by a cotton-mouth moccasin, afterward he was thrown from a wild horse, and had one arm and one leg broken. But a short time after recovering from his fractures, he and a young brother, while searching for their cows late one afternoon, were attacked by a large panther, which caught Jake, dragged him at least a quarter of a mile to a dense hamock, where it deposited its prey and proceeded to cover him with leaves and brush. The panther was a huge animal, and had crushed Jake's shoulder there; yet he soon recovered. Soon after his shoulder healed up, he made an attempt to run off with a neighbor's wife, was pursued, shot, badly wounded, and afterward stricken several times with a knife and left in the road as dead. In time he recovered, and stole from a neighbor a pig, for which he was sent to the penitentiary for a term of years, where I lost sight of him."—Savannah News.]

There is talk of an extra session of the Texas Legislature.

Only four counties in Mississippi gave Republican majorities.

Charleston has sunk an artesian well 800 feet, and is still boring.

Memphis has received 151,000 bales of cotton since the 1st of September.

Ex-Senator Cole and Gen. J. B. Frisbie, of California, are in New York City.

The Florida hotels are opening up in anticipation of a larger number of visitors this winter than ever before.

The first patient of the Chicago Institution for the Cure of Inebriates, has graduated a Supreme Court Judge.

The Early county, Ga., jail burned on the 17th ultimo. A negro prisoner, who is supposed to have started the fire with the hope of escaping prison in the flames.

Tilden's Tennessee majority is 43,000. Democratic Congressmen in eight out of ten districts were elected by majorities ranging from 830 to 10,000. The first two districts elected Republicans by majorities of 1,134 and 4,735.

The New York Tribune's Washington special says: The President says if Sheridan has been ordered to New York in place of Hancock he does not know it. The Times correspondent considers this an evasion.

A ZEALOUS BIBLE STUDENT.—About three weeks ago a San Antonio father promised his ten-year-old boy a dollar if he would learn by heart a chapter in the Bible. The other morning the boy asked for a dollar, as he had learned the chapter, and the old gentleman gave it to him, not without suspicion however that the coming circus had something to do with his sudden industry in learning the chapter.

So he inquired: "I hope, Jonny, you don't intend to spend that dollar in going to that wicked circus. You are going to put it in the plate, on Sunday, for missionary purposes, ain't you, sonny?"

The boy burst into tears and said huskily: "Why, pa, you don't think I'd spend money to go to a circus?"

Whereupon there was a tableau like little George Washington and his hatchet. The old man cried out, "My noble boy!" and wrapped his arms several times around Johnny, who blubbered like he had not a friend left.

About ten minutes afterward, while on his way to see a dog fight, in the company of another boy, Johnny mentioned the occurrence and said: "You can just bet your boots I'm not the harpin to pay a dollar to get into the circus when I can crawl in under the canvas; nor will the heathen ever get that dollar I learned psalms for unless he can beat me playing euchre for it."—[San Antonio Herald.]

At a fair given for the benefit of the poor at one of the Paris theatres, a pretty actress presided over one of the stands, when a Russian nobleman, who chanced to be present, banteringly asked her how much she would take for a kiss. She glanced at him rather sternly and replied that she would not kiss any man but her betrothed. The prince passed on, but returned to the stand a quarter of an hour afterward, and said, rather thoughtfully, to the young actress, "Will you permit me to ask you another question, mademoiselle?"

"With pleasure, sir."

"Have you a betrothed?"

She eyed him a moment in surprise, and then said, with a blush and a smile, "No, sir."

"That depends upon circumstances," she said laughing. "Well, then, would you take me?" So saying, he handed her his card. She was greatly surprised, and finally stammered that she would give him an answer next day. On the following morning he called at her house, the reply was in the affirmative, and to-day mademoiselle is a princess and a happy wife.

UNPRECEDENTED VELOCITY OF WIND.—The Sydney Morning Herald of September 21st, states that on the night of Sunday, the 20th of September, a gale along the coast reached the enormous and unheard of velocity of 153 miles per hour. The highest previously known velocity was one of from 100 to 120 miles per hour, and that only for a few minutes at the highest point of the gale. It is curious that the pressure given as resulting from this tremendous gale is only 117 pounds on the square foot—which would not be much more than an addition of five per centum to the ordinary pressure of the atmosphere (namely, 15 on the square inch, or 15x144, or 2,160 pounds on the square foot.) But perhaps there may be some mistake.—London Spectator.

Darwin will be seventy-nine years old on the 12th of February next, and on that day an album will be presented to him which will contain a portrait of all the principal monkeys—that is to say, of the principal Darwinian scientists of Europe.

Pet Prairie Dogs.

This morning we had a great frolic with our little prairie dogs. One village, which was started by the introduction of six or eight in our front yard, now consists of more than twenty funny little creatures, whose antics and gambols are equal to those of our household pet, the kitten. They still fear strangers, and always seem to keep out a picket-guard to warn off the approach of a foe. This guard changes, but is always one of the old dogs. He remains upright, watching while the others are playing or feeding, and sounds his note of warning by the utterance of a succession of rapid squeaks or barks. At the first sound the others immediately scamper like mice down their holes, where they remain until the barking ceases, when they timidly venture forth again. Having habitually fed them, they regard me as a constant friend, and my approach is the signal for the rallying of their forces around my feet. They climb up my lap, upon my shoulder, impudently nibble my buttons or fingers, while their inquisitive little noses are snuffing vigorously for the cake or cracker which they know I have somewhere concealed for them. The latter they are very fond of, and one of the liveliest frolics was caused by giving them some ginger-snaps, which they ate eagerly at first, but were quite disgusted with the burning sensation produced by the ginger. They scolded and chattered, struck at their noses with the hands which they use so cleverly, and utterly refused to eat any more, though they were very hungry. One of them has been named Billy, and will always come when called, even from the depth of his hole; consequently he gets the first bite, and is at once attacked by all the others to take it from him. They scramble and tumble over and over, five or six at the same morsel, chattering all the time like so many monkeys.—Rod and Gun.]

MARK TWAIN'S HOTEL.

Having lately opened a harem I send you these, my rules and regulations: This house will be considered strictly temperate.

None but the brave deserve the fire. Persons owing bills for board, will be bored for bills.

Boarders who do not pay in advance, are requested to advance the pay. Boarders are expected to wait on colored cooks—for meals.

Sheets will be nightly changed once in six months, or more if necessary. Double boarders can have two beds with a room in it, or two rooms with a bed in it, as they choose.

Boarders are requested to pull off their boots, if they can conveniently do so. Beds with or without bugs.

All money and other valuables are to be left in the care of the proprietor. This is to be insisted on, as he will be responsible for no other losses.

Inside matter will not be furnished editors under any consideration.

Relations coming to make a six month's visit, will be welcomed; but when they bring half their household furniture, virtue will cease to be a forbearance.

Single men with their families will not be boarded.

Beds with or without board. Dreams will be charged for by the dozen. Nightmares hired out at reasonable rates. Stone vaults will be furnished to snoring boarders, and the proprietor will in no wise be responsible for the broken tin-pan-ums of other ears.

THAT STUNNING PIN.—There is a young man in this city who is remarkably fond of ornamentation and display, and rarely walks broad without hanging a section of a dollar jewelry store on his shirt bosom. Some days ago he picked up a peculiar looking gold pin on the sidewalk, and immediately transferred it to his expansive shirt front. For several days he was a happy man and was delighted to find that when in the company of the fair sex he was the center of attraction, first, last and every time. Whenever he dropped a witty remark the laughter and giggling that followed was so pronounced that he had no doubt of being appreciated in the fullest degree. Last night he called on his girl, and in order to make his new accession to his jewelry more observable, left off all other ornaments and planted the pin squarely in the center of his bosom.

"Clara," he remarked in accents of devotion, "I'm in luck. A few days ago I picked up this magnificent gold pin on C street. I always was the luckiest fellow you ever saw. I wonder if I will be as lucky with you."

At this the young lady giggled, blushed and stuck a hankerchief in her mouth, and then broke forth in the most uncontrollable laughter until her extraordinary mirth brought the old lady into the parlor. The lover called her attention to the pin and expressed his astonishment that that there was anything in it to laugh at.

The old lady adjusted her spectacles and remarked: "Young man, the time for wearing those things has passed with you long ago, and that's the identical diaper pin that Mrs. Smith's baby lost over a week ago. You should return the property at once, because Mrs. Jones made her a present of it for the privilege of naming the baby, and it was made on purpose by Mr. Fredericks."

The young man hastened to the open air, and this morning, returned the pin by mail. Honesty and ignorance go hand in hand.—Virginia Chronicle.

NEW PATENTS.—Through Dewey & Co., Patent Agents, San Francisco, we receive the following list of U. S. patents, granted to Pacific Coast inventors, viz: Edward J. Delaney, San Jose, Cal., combined hose-cart reel and irrigator; Richard Hieyler, S. F., devices for pulling piles and posts; Henry R. Taylor, S. F., clamps for wire ropes; Edward B. Dorsey, S. F., ear trunks for primoidal tracks; Charles M. Hayes, Silver City, Idaho, rake, Levi J. Henry, S. F., envelopes; Christopher Lamb, S. F., clamps for holding hand rail wreath pieces; Ampros S. Lattin, Alvarado, Cal., mining rifles; Frederick Oppenheim, S. F., (re-issue) vehicle seats.

Each dispatch from Calcutta places the effects of the recent cyclone in India as even greater than the former. Last accounts estimate the loss of life in these districts at 215,000. It is thought that even these figures are too small.